

RETALIATION:

A

P O E M.

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

I N C L U D I N G

E P I T A P H S

ON SOME OF THE MOST

Distinguished WITS of this METROPOLIS.

The FIFTH EDITION, corrected.

With EXPLANATORY NOTES, and OBSERVATIONS.



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L O N D O N :

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M. DCC. LXXIV.

RETAINED

BY DOCTOR

W. J. H. H.

W. J. H. H.

W. J. H. H.

W. J. H. H.

T O

MR. KEARSLY,

BOOKSELLER in FLEET-STREET.

S I R,

*I*N some part of Doctor GOLDSMITH's Works, he confesses himself so unable to resist the hungry attacks of wretched Compilers, that he contents himself with the demand of the fat Man who, when at Sea, and the

B

Crew

Crew in great want of Provisions, was pitched on by the Sailors as the properest subject to supply their wants: He found the necessity of acquiescence, at the same time making the most reasonable Demand of the first cut off himself for himself. If the Doctor in his Life-time was forced by these Anthropophagi to such capitulations, what respect can we now expect from them? will they not dine on his memory? To rescue him from this insult, I send you an authentic copy of the last poetic Production of this great and good Man; of which, I recommend an early publication, to prevent spurious Editions being ushered into the World. —

Doctor Goldsmith belonged to a club of Beaux Esprits, where Wit sparkled sometimes at the expence of Good-nature. — It was proposed to write Epitaphs on the

Doctor;

Doctor ; his Country, Dialect and Person, furnished subjects of Witticism. — The Doctor was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreath.

RETA-

(11)

Deputy: Mr. Comptroller, District and Police, Springfield

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RETALIATION:

A

P O E M.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united ;

If our (a) landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :

(a) The Master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the
Friends he has characterized in this Poem, held an occasional Club.

C

Our

× Our (b) Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;

I know he will 20 Our (c) Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;

20 Our (d) Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,

20 And (e) Dick with his pepper, shall heighten their favour :

Our (f) Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,

And (g) Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :

(b) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(c) Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

(d) Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(e) Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

(f) Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

(g) Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious* Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *sound Critic*, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

Our

Our (b) Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltnefs agree :

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That (i) Ridge is anchovy; and (k) Reynolds is lamb; *! from L.*

That (l) Hickey's a capon, and by the fame rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith, a goosberry fool :

At a dinner fo various, at fuch a repaft,

Who'd not be a glutton, and ftick to the laft :

(b) David Garrick, Esq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

(i) Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish* of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

(k) Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

(l) An eminent Attorney, whose hospitality and good-humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of 'honest Tom Hickey.'

Here,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me fit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good (m) Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth ;
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That fly-boots was curfedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good (n) Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;

(m) Vide Page 6. (n) Ibid.

(n) Edmund Burke - an *hon. man* who
 Who,

Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
 To persuade (o) Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

(o) Mr. T. Townsend, Member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honest (p) William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipfy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none,
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
 What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
 (q) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;

- (p) Vide Page 6. *was altered from line by E. Ad. 1820*
 (q) Mr. Richard Burke ; vide page 6. This gentleman having slightly fractured
the left arm when he was running in a chariot & fell on his side on 14th Dec. 1780
I have his arm in plaster of Paris & am sure it will soon be as good as new

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ?
 In short so provoking a Devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick.
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here (r) Cumberland lies having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

tured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him
 on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests upon
 other people.

(r) Vide page 6.

His

His gallants ~~are~~ all faultless, his women divine,

And comedy wonders at being so fine ;

Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,

Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a croud

Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,

And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,

Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught,

Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?

Say was it that vainly directing his view,

To find out mens virtues and finding them few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,

He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?

Here

Here (s) Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines,
 When Satire and Censure encircl'd his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our (t) Dodds shall be pious, our (u) Kenricks shall lecture ;
 (x) Macpherfon write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our (y) Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;

(s) Vide page 6.

(t) The Rev. Dr. Dodd. *hanged for forger.*

(u) Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the Title of
 ' The School of Shakespeare.'

(x) James Macpherfon, Esq; who lately, from the mere force of his style,
 wrote down the first poet of all antiquity. *Author of Ossian.*

(y) Vide page 9.

New (z) Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies (a) David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art ;
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.

(z) Vide page 6.

(a) Vide page 7.

With

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.

But

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye (b) Kenricks, ye (c) Kellys, and (d) Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was beroofcius'd, and you were beprais'd?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:

(b) Vide page 13.

(c) Hugh Kelly, Esq; Author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wife, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

(d) Mr. William Woodfall, Printer of the Morning Chronicle.

*I have heard that some of the
 the publishers of the Morning Chronicle
 he has been of late years, and
 around with - I am indebted to the
 Those*

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his (e) Kellys above.

✓ Here (f) Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature :
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper :
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser ;
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ;
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.

(e) Vide page 16.

(f) Vide p. 7.

*In Hickey, I see F can often be Perhaps
 to be Hickey & to dance as Hickey
 he in my life as Hickey Hickey as a man
 and Hickey*

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest; ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here (g) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
His pencil was striking, resolute and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing:

(g) Vide page 7.

His name. When I will have the note When
to 2 2 No. 1000 & E. B. per our order on notes
in Boston the 2 I have also sent him on the
more than on the 1st of November

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
He shifted his (b) trumpet, and only took snuff.

(b) Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company; he is, at the same time, equally remarkable for taking a great quantity of snuff: his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene, to be as happily given upon *paper*, as that great Artist himself, perhaps, could have exhibited upon *canvas*.



P O S T S C R I P T.

AFTER the Fourth Edition of this Poem was printed, the Publisher received an Epitaph on Mr. (a) Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith inclosed in a letter, of which the following is an abstract.

“ I have in my possession a sheet of paper, containing near forty lines in the Doctor's own hand-writing: there are many scattered, broken verses, on Sir Jos. Reynolds, Counsellor Ridge, Mr. (b) Beauclerk, and Mr.

(a) Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, Author of many humorous Essays.

(b) Topham Beauclerk, Esq; well known in the polite world as a scholar, a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

“ White-

“ Whitefoord. The Epitaph on the last-mentioned gentle-
 “ man is the only one that is finished, and therefore I have
 “ copied it, that you may add it to the next edition. It
 “ is a striking proof of Doctor Goldsmith’s good-nature.
 “ I saw this sheet of paper in the Doctor’s room, five or six
 “ days before he died ; and, as I had got all the other Epi-
 “ taphs, I asked him if I might take it. “ *In truth you*
 “ *may, my Boy,* (replied he) *for it will be of no use to me*
 “ *where I am going.*”

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
 Though he *merrily* liv’d, he is now a (c) *grave* man ;
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun !
 Who relish’d a joke, and rejoic’d in a pun ;
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flatt’ry, a stranger to fear ;

(c) Mr. W. is so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say, it was impossible to keep him company, without being *infected* with the *itch* of punning.

Who

Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will,
 Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill :
 A Scotchman from pride and from prejudice free,
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to news-paper-essays confin'd!
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content "if the table he set on a roar ;"
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if (*d*) *Woodfall* confess'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper witlings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes,

(*d*) Mr. H. S. Woodfall, Printer of the Public Advertiser.

Ye

Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine ;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)

(e) *Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for *thy* sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit :
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
“Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse!”

(e) Mr. Whiteford has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

T H E E N D.